The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE BLESSING AFTER SERVICE.

The peace which God bestows
Through him who died and rose,
The peace the Father giveth through the Son,
Be known in every mind
The broken heart to bind,
And bless each traveller as he journeys on.

Ye who have known to weep
Where your beloved sleep,
Ye who have raised the deep, the bitter cry,
God's blessing be as balm
The fevered soul to calm,
And wondrous peace the troubled mind supply.

Young man, whose cheek is bright
With nature's warmest light,
While youth and health thy veins with rapture swell
Let the remembrance be
Of thy God blest to thee,
Peace passing understanding guard thee well.

Parents, whose thoughts afar
Turn where your children are,
In their still graves or beneath foreign skies,—
This hour, God's blessing come,
Cheer the deserted home,
And peace, with dovelike wings, around you rise.

Ere this week's strife begin,
The war without, within,
The God of Love, with spirit and with power,
Now on each bended head
His wondrous blessing shed,
And keep you all through every troubled hour.

—*Hymns of the Ages.*

HABITS IN CHURCH.

INSTEAD OF A SERMON: FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

When I was a boy, we went to school on week days for four hours in the morning and three in the afternoon. We went to church on Sunday at about half-past ten, and church "let out" at twelve. We went again in the afternoon, and the service was a little shorter. I knew and know precisely how much shorter; for I sat in sight of the clock, and bestowed a great deal too much attention on it. But I do not propose to tell you that.

Till I was taught some of the things which I now propose to teach you, this hour and a half in church seemed to me to correspond precisely to the four hours in school,—I mean it seemed just as long. The hour and twenty minutes of the afternoon seemed to me to correspond precisely with the three hours of afternoon school. After I learned some of these things, church-going seemed to me very natural and simple, and the time I spent there was very short and very pleasant to me.

I should say, then, that there are a great many reasonably good boys and girls, reasonably thoughtful, also, who find the confinement of a pew oppressive, merely because they do not know the best way to get the advantage of a service, which is really of profit to children as it is to grown-up people, and which never has its full value as it does when children and grown people join together in it.

Now to any young people who are reading this paper, and are thinking about their own habits in church, I should say very much what I should about swimming or drawing or gardening,—that, if the thing to be done is worth doing at all, you want to do it with your very best power. You want to give yourself up to it and get the very utmost from it.

You go to church, I will suppose, twice a day on Sunday. Is it not clearly best, then, to carry out to the very best the purpose with which you are there? You are there to worship God. Steadily and simply determine that you will worship him, and you will not let such trifles distract you as often do distract people from this purpose.

What if the door does creak? What if a dog does bark near by? What if the horses outside do neigh or stamp? You do not mean to confess that you, a child of God, are going to submit to dogs or horses or creaking doors!

If you will give yourself to the service with all your heart and soul,—with all your might, as a boy does to his batting or his catching at baseball,—if, when the congregation is at prayer, you determine that you will not be hindered in your prayer, or, when the time comes for singing, that you will not be hindered from joining in the singing with voice or with heart, why, you can do so. I never heard of a good fielder in baseball missing a fly because a dog barked, or a horse neighed, on the outside of the ball ground.

If I kept a high school, I would call together the school once a month, to train all hands in the habits requisite for listeners in public assemblies. They should be taught that, just as rowers in a boat-race row and do nothing else, as soldiers at dress parade present arms, shoulder arms, and the rest, and do nothing else, no matter what happens, during that half-hour,—that so, when people meet to listen to an address or to a concert, they should listen, and do nothing else.

It is perfectly easy for people to get control and keep control of this habit of attention. If I had the exercise I speak of in a high school, the scholars should be brought together, as I say, and carried through a series of discipline in presence of mind.

Books, resembling hymn-books in weight and size, should be dropped from galleries behind them, till they were perfectly firm under such scattering fire, and did not look round; squeaking dolls, of the size of large children, should be led squeaking down the passages of the school-room; and other strange objects should be introduced, until the scholars were all proof, and did not turn towards them once. Every one of those scholars would thank me afterwards.

Think of it. You give a dollar that you may hear one of Thomas's concerts. How little of your money's worth you get if twenty times, as the concert goes on, you must turn round to see if it was Mrs. Grundy who sneezed or Mr. Bundy, or if it was Mr. Golightly or Mrs. Heavyside who came in too late at the door. And this attention to what is before you is a matter of habit and discipline. You should determine that you will only do in church what you go to church for, and adhere to your determination until the habit is formed.

If you find, as a great many boys and girls do, that the sermon in church comes in as a stumbling-block in the way of this resolution, that you cannot fix your attention steadily upon it, I recommend that you try taking notes of it. I have never known this to fail.

It is not necessary to do this in short-hand, though that is a very charming accomplishment. Any one of you can teach himself how to write short-hand, and there is no better practice than you can make for yourself at church in taking notes of sermons.

But supposing you cannot write short-hand. Take a little book with stiff covers, such as you can put in your pocket. The reporters use books of ruled paper, of the length of a school writing-book, but only two or three inches wide, and opening at the end. That is a very good shape. Then you want a pencil or two cut sharp before you go to church. You will learn more easily what you want to write than I can teach you. You cannot write the whole, even of the shortest sentence, without losing part of the next. But you can write the leading ideas, perhaps the leading words.

When you go home, you will find you have a "skeleton," as it is called, of the whole sermon. And, if you want to profit by the exercise, you may very well spend an hour of the afternoon in writing out in neat and finished form a sketch of some one division of it.

But, even if you do nothing with the notes after you come home, you will find that they have made the sermon very short for you, that you have been saved from sleepiness, and that you afterwards remember what the preacher said with unusual distinctness. You will also gradually gain a habit of listening, with a view to remembering, noticing specially the course and train of the argument or of the statement of any speaker.

Of course I need not say that in church

you must be reverent in manner, must not disturb others, and must not occupy yourself intentionally with other people's dress or demeanor. If you really meant or wanted to do these things, you would not be reading this paper.

But it may be worth while to say that even children and other young people may remember to advantage that they form a very important part of the congregation. If, therefore, the custom of worship where you are arranges for responses to be read by the people, you, who are among the people, are to respond. If it provides for congregational singing, and you can sing the tune, you are to sing. It is certain that it requires the people all to be in their places when the service begins. That you can do as well as the oldest of them.

When the service is ended, do not hurry away. Do not enter into a wild and useless competition with the other boys as to which shall leap off the front steps the soonest upon the grass of the churchyard. You can arrange much better races elsewhere.

When the benediction is over, wait a minute in your seat: do not look for your hat and gloves till it is over, and then quietly and without jostling leave the church, as you might pass from one room of your father's house into another when a large number of his friends were at a great party. That is precisely the condition of things in which you are all together.

Observe, dear children, I am speaking only of habits of outside behavior at church. I intentionally turn aside from speaking of the communion with God, to which the church will help you, and the help from your Saviour which the church will make real. These are very great blessings, as I hope you will know. Do not run the risk of losing them by neglecting the little habits of concentrated thought and of devout and simple behavior which may make the hour in church one of the shortest and happiest hours of the week.—*Edward Everett Hale, in "How to do It."*

THE STILL HOUR.

MORNING.

Lord, in thy light, oh, let me walk this day!
By thy love prompted, act and speak and pray
As a new creature it becomes to do,
Whose aim it is, in all her words and ways,
To set forth duly her Creator's praise,
And, new in heart, in life also be new.

I pray not, Take my troubles all away;
It is for love to bear them that I pray,
And firm belief that all is for my good,
That every trouble must be kindly meant,
Since from the hands of him it has been sent,
Who is my loving Father and my God.
—*Spitta.*

EVENING.

I come to thee to-night
In my lone closet, where no eye can see,
And dare to crave an interview with thee,
Father of love and light.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all; the air, the bird, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons, profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

If I to-day have striven
With thy blest spirit, or have bent the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry.
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought or word or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce would brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord I pray;

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.
—*Hymns of the Ages.*

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Prayer, not only in the morning watch, but prayer sent voiceless from the heart from hour to hour. Then life is wakeful, hallowed, calm. It becomes beautiful with that beauty of God, which eye hath not seen. And, day being hallowed thus, do not omit to make holy the night. Take by the power of prayer through the wild land of dreams the sanctifying presence of one who loves

us. Claim it every night, and it will attend to hallow the fancies of sleep. For prayer, continually lived in, makes the presence of a holy and loving God the air which life breathes, and by which it lives, so that, as it mingles consciously with the work of the day, it becomes also a part of every dream. To us, then, it will be no strange thing to enter heaven, for we have been living in the things of heaven.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Coolidge Point, Magnolia, Mass., offers current numbers of the weekly periodical, *Charities and the Commons*, to any one interested in charity work, beginning with the numbers for January, 1908.

REQUESTS.

1. I am teaching a public school at Boomer, North Carolina. The district numbers about one hundred and fifty pupils, between the ages of six and twenty-one; but the enrolment never goes above one hundred. I visited the homes of all the pupils before opening school this year. Some live three miles or more from the school, without any roads save narrow winding paths up rugged mountain sides. Some children almost grown have never been to school a day. I visited one home that appeals to my sympathy very much,—that of Mr. J. L. Swanson. I found him sitting in an invalid chair, unable to move his feet or walk one step. He has a patient, devoted wife and four children, the oldest thirteen years. Mr. Swanson was once a heathy, happy man; but six years ago, returning from town, his horse became frightened and ran away, throwing him from the wagon. A bone was dislocated in the back of his neck, causing instant paralysis. Since then he has not walked one step. I saw him last Sunday, July 26, and I told him I would send his name to the dear Cheerful Letter friends and ask them to send him some reading matter. He is very fond of reading. His address is Boomer, Wilkes County, North Carolina. J. H. Isbell.

2. I want to thank the many friends who so kindly remembered me and the little folks with so many nice books during the winter and spring. We enjoyed it all so much. Some I thanked personally, but I did not know the names of all. Please do not forget us the coming winter. Yours most gratefully, (Miss) Virginia A. Taylor, Sandidge's, Virginia, Route 1.

3. It has been a good while since I received any literature from my good Cheerful Letter friends. I have been practically a shut-in for some months past,—not unable to go about the house or kept from work, but compelled to stay at home and not allowed to walk much. These long summer days grow tedious sometimes, so I am writing to ask for books. I want some good novels, please. Some of the new books, or old ones by good writers. I do not want any of Edna Lyall's books (I have most of hers). I would like to get "Queechy" and "Lena Rivers," *Munsey's Magazine* or any good one. (Miss) Bettie J. Robards, Box 143, Oxford, North Carolina.

4. I have two little girls and one baby boy. I should be proud to receive reading for myself and story books for my children. They are in their fourth and fifth year. We are off in the country and would be glad of anything. Mrs. Emma Mitchell, Athens, Texas, Route 1, Box 15.

5. Lorraine Parker, Elloree, South Carolina, a girl of twelve and an invalid, would especially like "Two Little Confederates," "Sonny," or "Dot, Dan, and Dimple." She will be glad of anything suitable for her years.

6. Addie E. Smith, Bayou Chene, Louisiana, has been ill all winter and wishes for reading to help pass the lonely hours.

7. Mrs. L. E. Abbott-Holt, Landrum, South Carolina, R. D. Route 2, has not yet received *The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*. She would be glad to have either current numbers or a file of recent years. Also anything in the same line of thought and study. She says:—

"These people being so unlettered, I have to ransack my brain to keep them interested; and you can understand how much the journal would aid as well as interest me.

The Methodist and Presbyterian ministers have been out from Tryon within six months, and each held a service which did much good, I think. Of course, being educated [men] there were many words [even] the older people could not understand. And yet, as ignorant as they are in many ways, there is not a plant, bug, or sign but they are versed in. Even little children of four years know every plant in these woods, and its virtue or poison.

"I have not 'Life in Palestine when Jesus Lived' (by Estlin Carpenter). I have had thirty [men] in my school, and but two had on shoes."

8. Mrs. Helen M. Hutchinson, Toledo, Iowa, care Sac and Fox, teacher in an Indian school, writes:—

JULY 30, 1908.

At the last of every quarter there is so much office work, as the department requires so many papers in duplicate and triplicate, and some of the blanks are so large, we cannot use the typewriter. After one has written such a name as We-pa-ko-ke-um-ka-wa, who is the head of his family, the members having names to correspond, bewilderment is sure to be the portion of the scribe.

I have just finished the annuity pay-roll, one copy: there will be two more to make out, but that will not be so difficult.

This school is three miles from the reservation. They [the tribe of Sac and Fox] confine their fights and troubles to themselves, and do not molest the surrounding white people. But we often hear of murder among them, and suicide is frequent, especially among the women. These last look so haggard and worn, even the young ones, one's heart aches for them.

The heat has been almost intolerable some days,—a damp heat. But great loads of hay have been put away; oats are being harvested; and we are enjoying green corn, cucumbers, etc., from our own garden. The boys have sold a great many vegetables, thereby securing some pocket money. They walk to town and spend it for a very indifferent quality of ice-cream, cakes, peanuts, buying themselves "good eat," as they term dainties. Anything they can buy at the shops in town seems so much better than their own home cooking, wholesome as it is.

Some time since some one sent me "Christian's Mistake," by Miss Muloch: the girls enjoyed reading that. Some read aloud quite understandingly, and, after work is done, like to sit out under the trees and read to others. I was wishing I had something for them. They often ask me if "the book ladies" have sent me a new book. We are all grateful—others, employers, as well as myself—for books these long hot days.

We have such a dear Indian girl, who has been the mess-cook for two years. She goes the 1st of August to the Indian Mission on the reservation for a month. So the cooking we divide between us. I prepare breakfast, and others the dinner and tea. One has to accommodate one's self to many different things in this service.

9. The editor would be glad to receive the number of the *Cheerful Letter* for July, 1893. Please send it, without writing first, to Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Coolidge Point, Magnolia, Mass.

10. Mrs. Blanche Hammill, 2525 X Street, Sacramento, California, would be glad to receive copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, *Our Four-footed Friends*, and leaflets on the subject of Humane Education. Send directly to Mrs. Hammill, as in this case many copies of the same paper can be used.

Will those who are sending reading matter to the Hospital for Soldiers at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, kindly notice that *old* magazines are not wanted. (This notice came just too late to be inserted in the July number.)

THE MOTHER'S COUNCIL.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

In thinking what to write this month,* my mind goes far back to the days when I was a little girl, and used to spend many happy hours in Aunt Esther's parlor,† talking with her. Her favorite subject was always the habits and character of different animals and their various ways and instincts; and she used to tell us so many wonderful, yet perfectly authentic, stories about all these things that the hours passed away very quickly.

Some of her rules for the treatment and care of animals have impressed themselves so distinctly on my mind that I shall never forget them, and I am going to repeat some of them to you.

One was, never to frighten an animal for

* This article was evidently written for some child's periodical by Mrs. Stowe.

† Mrs. Stowe's sketch of her Aunt Esther has been printed in the *Cheerful Letter*.

sport. I recollect I had a little white kitten, of which I was very fond; and one day I was amusing myself with making her walk up and down the keyboard of the piano, and laughing to see her fright at the strange noises which came up under her feet. Puss evidently thought the place was haunted, and tried to escape: it never occurred to me, however, that there was any cruelty in the operation till Aunt Esther said to me: "My dear, you must never frighten an animal. I have suffered enough from fear to know that there is no suffering more dreadful; and a helpless animal that cannot speak, to tell its fright, and cannot understand an explanation of what alarms it, ought to move your pity."

I had never thought of this before; and then I remembered how, when I was a very, very little girl, a grown-up boy in school had amused himself with me and my little brother in much the same way as that in which I had amused myself with the kitten. He hunted us under one of the school-room tables by threatening to cut our ears off if we came out, and took out his penknife and opened it and shook it at us whenever we offered to move. Very likely he had not the least idea that we really could be made to suffer with fear at so absurd a threat,—any more than I had that my kitten could possibly be afraid of the piano; but our suffering was, in fact, as real as if the boy really had intended what he said and was able to execute his threat.

Another thing which Aunt Esther strongly impressed upon my mind was that, when there were domestic animals about a house which were not wanted in the family, it was far kinder to have them killed in some quick and humane way than to chase them out of the house, and leave them to wander homeless, to be starved, beaten, and abused. Tender-hearted as she was, she gave us many instructions in the kindest and quickest way of disposing of one whose life must be sacrificed.

Many persons call themselves tender-hearted because they are unwilling to have a litter of kittens killed, and so they go and throw them over fences into people's back-yards, and comfort themselves with the reflection that they will do well enough. But what becomes of the poor little defenceless things? In nine cases out of ten they live a hunted, miserable life, crying from hunger, shivering with cold, harassed by dogs, and tortured to make sport for brutal boys. How much kinder and more really humane to take upon ourselves the momentary suffering of causing the death of an animal than to turn our back and leave it to drag out a life of torture and misery!

Aunt Esther used to protest much against another kind of torture which well-meaning persons inflict on animals, in giving them as playthings to very little children who do not know how to handle them. A mother will sometimes sit quietly sewing, while her baby-boy is tormenting a helpless kitten, poking his fingers into its eyes, pulling its tail, stretching it out, squeezing its feet, and, when the poor little tormented thing tries to run away, will send the nurse to catch dear little Johnny's kitten for him.

Aunt Esther always remonstrated, too, against all practical jokes and teasing of animals, which many persons practise under the name of sport,—like throwing a dog into the water for the sake of seeing him paddle out, dashing water upon the cat, or doing any of the little tricks by which animals are made uncomfortable. "They have but one short little life to live:* they are dumb and cannot complain, and they are wholly in our power," —these were the motives by which she appealed to our generosity.

Aunt Esther's boys were so well trained that they would fight valiantly for the rescue of any ill-treated animal. Little Master Bill was a bright-eyed fellow, who wasn't much taller than his father's knee, and wore a low-necked dress with white ruffles. But Bill had a brave heart in his little body, and so one day, as he was coming from school, he dashed in among a crowd of dogs which were pursuing a kitten, took it away from them, and held it as high above his head as his little arms could reach. The dogs jumped upon his white neck with their rough paws, and scratched his face, but still he stood steady till a man came up and took the kitten and frightened away the dogs. Master Bill grew up to be a man, and at the battle of Gettsyburg stood a three-days' fight, and resisted the charge of the Louisiana Tigers as of old he withstood the charge of the dogs. A really brave-hearted fellow is generally tender and compassionate to the weak; only cowards torment those who are not strong enough to fight them; only cowards starve helpless prisoners or torture helpless animals.

I can't help hoping that in these stories about different pets I have made some friends among the boys, and that they will remember what I have said, and resolve always to defend the weak, and not permit any cruelty

* This was the old belief. But men of science and religious teachers are now beginning to believe that animals have souls, and live again when the body dies. Professor Agassiz believed this, so did James Freeman Clarke and others, whose names I do not now rceall.—Ed.

where it is in their power to prevent it. Boys, you are strong and brave little fellows, but you ought not to be strong and brave for nothing; and, if every boy about the street would set himself to defending helpless animals, we should see much less cruelty than we now do.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

(For the Cheerful Letter.)

Two or three of us were spending a morning upon Little Sebago Lake in Maine, rowing about in the bright August sunshine, when our attention was attracted by the weird laugh of a loon not far away, and a big male bird flew over our heads and dove, screaming, into the lake far to the rear of the boat. We were about to follow to watch for his reappearance when we suddenly became aware of his reason for thus trying to attract us. Near by, wonderfully near, considering the shy nature of the bird, was his mate, serenely floating upon the water, apparently unconscious of our presence, so we stole towards her, hoping to get near enough to see her plumage clearly. Each moment we expected to see her dive, and, when we knew she must have seen us, we supposed her indifference was in consequence of having this very easy method of flight for use at any second. So we did not scruple to paddle softly upon her; but, when we had passed to her other side, we saw why this shyest of birds awaited our approach with such fortitude. Beside her, with long, slender neck and erect head, was a tiny baby loon! I shall never forget the soft seal brown of the little head as it bobbed close by her side. When we were really near, the mother did a strange thing, making a desperate attempt to hide him from us. She tapped him sharply on his velvety head, and he went under water, but only to bob up promptly the moment her bill was withdrawn. She did this again and again, probably hoping against hope that some notion of the diving power which was to be his later would enter the little brain, and induce him to stay in safety; but he had no idea of such a thing, popping up again immediately to have his share of the beautiful summer morning. Do not think we lingered after seeing why the heroic mother would not save herself from us. We backed away from them directly, but naturally used our eyes to their utmost to see all that was to be seen of the lovely pair, and so witnessed her efforts at making the little fellow dive. By degrees the distance between us widened, the mother's heart, without doubt, growing proportionately lighter, until they became a mere speck in the distance. Later we had the satisfaction of seeing her rejoin her mate, thankful for her escape, of course, while he, undoubtedly, attributed such a happy termination of a serious danger to his own prompt and clever device. A. B. S.

MACK THE PARROT.

Mack's idea of eating cherries differs wholly from that held by the human race. He discards the cherry and eats the stone. This naturally suggested the idea that we might keep the cherry and give him the stone. Of such meanness, however, we were not capable. So it came about that the rich, ripe cherry would lie on the floor of the cage, while he worked vigorously in order to crack the stone and extract therefrom the little kernel, in which he so delighted.

However, we soon mistrusted that the stone, even, must be withheld from him. Something went wrong. He became nervous, almost irritable, with a strong desire to bite something or somebody. He had to be attended to like a baby: he was continually calling out to be taken "in," or "out," as the case might be. He wanted "gompany," as he used to call it, and was unwilling to be left alone. At our wits' ends, we tried a pellet of *nux vomica*, when, lo! the difficulty seemed to be removed, and he resumed his interest in his accustomed food.

In his efforts to bite something he snapped at my wrist as I was hanging his cage on the piazza. Before I could make the ejaculation which comes from any one who is suddenly bitten, he gave utterance to exactly the cry which came from my lips almost at the same time. Twice afterwards he uttered the same cry when he saw me, as much as to say,—

"Yeh! didn't it hurt!"

One more pellet, on the next day, restored his mental and physical equilibrium, and he was soon himself again.

His manner of eating green peas is interesting. He takes the pod, shells it, and bites into the pea in search of that precious something inside which is all that he cares for. As in the case of the cherry, the pea is thrown away.

A neighbor's cat, Baboo, came to our piazza for a saucer of milk, which we gave her. Indignant at this, Mack screamed out:

"Go right away! You can't stop here!" repeating the words several times over. I said: "Poor Kitty is hungry! She won't

touch *you!* Let her eat her breakfast, just as you do!"

No more screams; and he seems to be recovering from the habit of driving people and animals away from the house, if for any reason he does not like them.

One morning, while I was removing his night covering from the cage, I happened to say, "It's good to see Mackie again!"

"That's all right!" was his quiet reply.

I chanced to remark, "Mackie is a very pretty boy!" His reply was,—

"I don't care about it!" whereupon I said, *apropos* of the cloudy day:—

"You wish to see the sun shine? It will shine to-morrow."

"I thought that!" said Mack, philosophically. H. M. K.

DOG BITES.

In experiments on animals,—guinea pigs, rabbits, etc.,—injecting all kinds of cultures directly into the circulation, it is found that every one produces more or less disturbance, in some cases serious disease, and now and then a death. Even when the fluid used is the purest of human saliva, it causes invariably great inconvenience, and has occasionally proved fatal. It is therefore not strange that the saliva of even the healthiest dog, that has been badgered until he is angry enough to bite, might, if a large quantity reach an artery, kill the victim. But this would not prove that it was a case of rabies. It has been stated that in fourteen hundred cases of dog bite treated *a la* Pasteur, only four proved fatal; but this doesn't prove that two bites are better than one—for that is about the size of it—since we have records of patients treated with the inoculations that have died, though other persons bitten by the same dog and not treated have continued to live and thrive. Doubtless, of fourteen hundred dog bites, not treated, none have died, unless the wound itself was of a mortal character. Saliva is in itself a powerful germicide as secreted in the mouth of dog or man, when following its natural course; and the gastric juice is one of the most powerful germicides known. Hence, moderate amounts of poisonous substances as the various drugs used in medicine, vaccine virus and various serums, may be taken into the stomach without doing very much harm; but, as we have seen, any foreign substance injected directly into the circulation is especially mischievous and always dangerous.

Readers have been told of cases of so-called rabies produced by fear, though the parties have never been bitten by a dog; and that typhoid fever patients in homes or hospitals have manifested symptoms precisely like those of alleged hydrophobia. It seems to me that a great deal of unnecessary alarm has been caused and really great distresses in some quarters by the needless scares about rabies, and it would be a mercy to the public to set it right in this matter.—*Charles E. Page, M.D., in the Boston Herald.*

ANOTHER GOLD MEDAL CAT.

Mrs. C., an American lady living in Rome, owned a beautiful cat, named Veronica. Veronica was said by her friends to be "more like a *person* than a *cat*."

A neighbor of Mrs. C. possessed a pet canary; and one day the canary escaped from its cage, and flew away, settling on Mrs. C.'s balcony. The mistress of the canary followed and tried to catch him; but the bird evaded her, and flew farther away out of reach, settling on a roof.

Veronica perceived what was going on, and came to the rescue. She overtook the fugitive; and, taking him softly in her mouth, carried him back to the house, and laid him gently down at Mrs. C.'s feet safe, unhurt, and not even frightened!

[The Editor feels obliged to add in the manner of Miss Edgeworth: N.B.—*This is a fact.* She has been well acquainted with members of Mrs. C.'s family, and has no doubt of the truth of the story. If any one wishes to know more definitely whence the tale comes she can give names.]

THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE.

Opposite to the birth-chamber, at the rear, there is a small apartment, in which is displayed "the Stratford Portrait" of the poet. This painting is supposed to have been owned by the Clopton family, and to have fallen into the hands of William Hunt, an old resident of Stratford, who bought their mansion of the Cloptons, in 1758. The adventures through which it passed can only be conjectured. It does not appear to have been valued, and, although it remained in the house, it was cast away amongst lumber and rubbish. In process of time it was painted over and changed into a different subject. Then it fell a prey to dirt and damp. There is a story that the little boys of the tribe of Hunt were accustomed to use it as a target for their arrows. At last, after the lapse of a century, the grandson of William Hunt showed it by chance to an expert artist, who luckily sur-

mised that a valuable portrait might perhaps exist beneath its muddy surface. It was carefully cleaned. A thick beard and a pair of moustaches were removed, and the face of Shakespeare emerged upon the canvas. It is not pretended that this portrait was painted in Shakespeare's time. The very close resemblance which it bears, in attitude, dress, colors, and other peculiarities, to the painted bust of the poet in Stratford church seems to indicate that it was a modern copy of that work. Upon a brass plate affixed to it is the following inscription: "This portrait of Shakespeare, after being in the possession of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, town clerk of Stratford, and his family, for upwards of a century, was restored to its original condition by Mr. Simon Collins, of London, and, being considered a portrait of much interest and value, was given by Mr. Hunt to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, to be preserved in Shakespeare's house, 23d April, 1862." There, accordingly, it remains, and, in memory's association with the several other dubious presentments of the poet, cheerfully adds to the mental confusion of the pilgrim who would fain form an accurate ideal of Shakespeare's appearance. Standing in its presence, it was worth while to reflect that there are only two authentic representations of Shakespeare in existence,—the Droeshout portrait and the Gerard Johnson bust. They may not be perfect works of art, they may not do perfect justice to the original; but they were seen and accepted by persons to whom Shakeseare had been a living companion. The bust was sanctioned by his children; the portrait was sanctioned by his friend Ben Jonson and by his brother actors, Heminge and Condell, who prefixed it, in 1623, to the first folio of his works. Standing amongst the relics which have been gathered into a museum in an apartment on the ground floor of the cottage, it was essential also to remember how often "the wish is father to the thought" that sanctifies the uncertain memorials of the distant past. Several of the most suggestive documents, though, which bear upon the vague and shadowy record of Shakespeare's life are preserved in this place. Here is a deed, made in 1596, which proves that this house was his father's residence. Here is the only letter addressed to him which is known to exist,—the letter of Richard Quiney (1598), asking for the loan of thirty pounds. Here is his declaration in a suit, in 1604, to recover the price of some malt that he had sold to Philip Rogers. Here is a deed, dated 1609, on which is the autograph of his brother Gilbert, who represented him at Stratford in his business affairs while he was absent in London, and who, surviving, it is dubiously said, almost till the period of the Restoration, talked, as a very old man, of the poet's impersonation of Adam in 'As You Like It." Here likewise is shown a gold seal ring, found not many years ago in a field near Stratford church, on which, delicately engraved, appear the letters W. S., entwined with a true lover's knot. It may have belonged to Shakespeare. The conjecture is that it did, and that, since on the last of the three sheets which contain his will the word "seal" is stricken out and the word "hand" substituted, he did not seal this document because he had only just then lost the ring. The supposition is, at least, ingenious. It will not harm the visitor to accept it. Nor, as he stands poring over the ancient and decrepit school desk which has been lodged in this museum from the grammar school in High Street, will it greatly tax his credulity to believe that the "shining morning face" of the boy Shakespeare once looked down upon it in the irksome quest of his "small Latin and less Greek." They call it "Shakespeare's desk." It is very old, and it is certainly known to have been in the school of the Chapel of the Holy Guild three hundred years ago. There are other relics, more or less indirectly connected with the great name that is here commemorated. The inspection of them all would consume many days: the description of them would occupy many pages. You write your name in the visitors' book at parting, and perhaps stroll forth into the garden of the cottage, which encloses it at the sides and in the rear, and there, beneath the leafy boughs of the English elm, while your footsteps press "the grassy carpet of this plain," behold growing all around you the rosemary, pansies, fennel, columbines, rue, daisies, and violets, which make the imperishable garland on Ophelia's grave, and which are the fragrance of her solemn and lovely memory.

The register of Stratford church shows that he was baptized there in 1564, on the 26th of April. It is said to have been customary to baptize infants on the third day after their birth. It is presumed that the custom was followed in this instance, and hence it is deduced that Shakespeare was born on April 23,—a date which, making allowance for the difference between the old and new styles of reckoning time, corresponds to our 3d of May. Equally by an inference it is established that the boy was educated in the free grammar school. The

school was there, and any boy of the town who was seven years old and able to read could get admission to it. Shakespeare's father, chief alderman of Stratford, and then a man of worldly substance, though afterward he became poor, would surely have wished that his children should grow up in knowledge. To the ancient school-house, accordingly, and the adjacent chapel of the guild—which are still extant, on the south-east corner of Chapel and High Streets—the pilgrim confidently traces the footsteps of the poet. These buildings are of singular picturesque quaintness. The chapel dates back to about the middle of the thirteenth century. It was a Roman Catholic institution, founded in 1269 under the patronage of the Bishop of Worcester, and committed to the pious custody of the guild of Stratford. A hospital was connected with it in those days, and Robert de Stratford was its first master. New privileges and confirmation were granted to the guild by Henry IV., in 1403, and 1429. The grammar school, established on the endowment of lands and tenements by Thomas Jolyffe, was set up in association with it in 1482. Toward the end of the reign of Henry VII., the whole of the chapel, excepting the chancel, was torn down and rebuilt under the munificent direction of Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, and Stratford's chief citizen and benefactor. The chapel and its contents constitute one of the few remaining spectacles at Stratford that bring us face to face with Shakespeare. During the last years of his life he dwelt almost continually in his house of New Place, on the corner immediately opposite to this church. The configuration of the excavated foundations of that house indicates what would now be called a deep bay-window in its southern front. There, probably, was Shakespeare's study; and through that casement many and many a time, in storm and in sunshine, by night and by day, he must have looked out upon the grim, square tower, the embattled stone wall, and the four tall Gothic windows of that dark, mysterious temple.—*Shakespeare's England, William Winter.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

DECEMBER 15, 1839.

I am glad Anna B. saw my Anna, for she wished it sorely. The storm to-night shakes the old house to its foundations. Snow, rain, and wind for the last twenty-four hours have had their way, and sung a wild raging chant with a howling breezy accompaniment all about the house. Bang! go the drawing-room north blinds. The floor is covered with glass, and the walls with rain presently, and the house is full of wind as the sky is. Three squares of glass shattered,—work for the glazier whenever we can get one. Meanwhile Boreas may keep the old room to put his bags of wind in.

I received the newspapers you were so good as to send me. I wish I could send you some of Boston occasionally, but I have no way to get at them; for the one that we take Sam depends upon for his commercial intelligence, so I must always send it to him.

I am sorry to hear that you have jaundice. Don't let anything trouble your mind if you can help it. Mr. Norton came out with an answer to Ripley a week ago last Thursday, and in four days Mr. Ripley's reply to that was out. He certainly has the advantage in agility over his learned opponent. I am told Mr. R. is found as deficient in his Latin, or nearly so, as Mr. N. was in his German. Bless us, how little do these scholars know after all! I think they should both be set to study their books again and review their grammars, instead of going at each other with such violence.

When I go in to the Lectures I stay with the Bartols, and Mr. B. turns out a great admirer of Mr. Norton, and thinks Ripley exaggerated his mistakes. At dinner there the other day I got engaged, for the first time in my life I believe, in a religious controversy. On the one side was Mr. Lunt, who contended that they (miracles) are the greatest and last proof of Christianity: on the other George B. (bred a preacher) and myself; we declared them to be inferior to the internal evidence; and betwixt and between was our host, Mr. Bartol, who gathered up the crumbs of truth that fell on each side the table and, carefully joining them together, like a true Eclectic as he is, obtained, as he supposed, the whole loaf.

The reason that I sit up so late to-night scribbling to you is that the wind blows a hurricane, and I am afraid to go to bed lest the house should blow over as soon as I cease to watch it. I am glad mother is not here to-night, however much I should like to have her on all the other nights.

I meant to have told you about the new lectures of Mr. R. W. Emerson. This is my second letter to you to-night, but the first I shall send to-morrow and this one the next day.

The first lecture, then, of the series was on the Present Age, which he said consisted of

those men who clung to the past and those who lived in the future, waiting in the white robes of novices for the coming day. There was a fine passage about analysis, which he says is the spirit of the coming glorious time already beginning,—not the analysis which cuts things in pieces, but which resolves them into their elements, as water decomposed becomes two gases. This analysis he thinks shall be the instrument of a new sort of creation. He gave a fair and fine description of the old religious heroic spirit of the past before we knew so much. Said he: "We had an Aurora the other night so beautiful that in other times it would have been the joy and wonder of the nation; but we looked at it with cold arithmetical eyes, counted the degrees it extended, numbered the colors it showed, and so picked to pieces this flower of heaven. Tell the young child that, if he say his prayers backward, the Devil will appear to him; but he knows better nowadays, and laughs in your face while straightway he tries the experiment."

The second lecture was on Literature. The Poetry of this century, he says, differs from any other in its longing for the Infinite. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Felicia Hemans I remember he instanced. He gave a long space to Goethe, and the best thing he said of him was that he was "*up to everything*," not great, because mysterious and secret in his thought. No man could call him brother; unlike Milton, for those who saw him knew that they saw the best he had to offer them always, etc.

Our storm lasted forty-eight hours, and has at last passed away. To-morrow I go to Boston, and will continue my narrative. I have not even mentioned as yet Dr. Channing's party, which I must surely describe for Anna's benefit. Ever yours,

SARAH.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

LITERARY CONTEST.

Fill blank spaces with the titles of popular novels.

In the little village of S–O–T–P–, F–F–T–M–C–, lived the H–P–S–. With him resided his lovely ward, J–M–. She was A–O–F–G– and knew little of T–W–W–W–. She had, however, A P–O–B–E– and G–E–, and among her admirers were R–C–, J–H–, and T–L–M–. —*Selected.*

II.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

A	M	L	C	O	L	N	B	E	R	R
H	A	I	N	M	E	S	J	N	A	I
B	R	E	I	A	J	A	A	N	H	S
A	D	L	F	R	A	G	M	I	N	O

By beginning at a certain letter, and following a path, using no letter twice, three Presidents' names may be spelled.

III.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Wrote marvellous tales.
2. Great Englishwoman.
3. Admirable talent.
4. Able warrior.
5. A clever detective.

IV.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1	.	.	.	.	.	.	11
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.	.	.	10	20	.	.	.

Cross-words: 1. To tear. 2. Actual. 3. Pertaining to money. 4. A European garfish. 5. To frighten. 6. A species of land

articulates, many jointed, and having a great number of feet. 7. Sighting land when at sea. 8. Pertaining to electricity. 9. A region over which one has jurisdiction. 10. A small flower.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the letters represented by the numbers from 1 to 10 will spell the name of an American poet; the letters represented by the numbers from 11 to 20 will spell the name of one of his poems.

Answers to Puzzles in the July Number.

I. INDEPENDENCE DAY NECESSITIES. 1. Torpedoes. 2. Fire-crackers. 3. Roman candles. 4. Pinwheels. 5. Red fire. 6. Guns. 7. Cart-ridge. 8. Mines. 9. Flag. 10. Pistol. 11. Caps. 12. Rock it (Rocket). 13. Pink [P(u)nk]. 14. Bandages. 15. Pat-riot-ism.

II. A WHEEL.—1. Eagle. 2. Easel. 3. Eight. 4. Elder. 5. Endow. 6. Envoy. 7. Erect. 8. Evade.

III. TRANSPOSED WORDS.—1. Save—vase. 2. Time—mite. 3. Deer—reed. 4. Lime—mile. 5. Care—race.

IV. SUBTRACTIONS.—1. Cold—cot. 2. Mall—all. 3. Dare—are. 4. Chat—hat. 5. Pain—pan.

V. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Madison—Lincoln.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to Headquarters.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, to whom all communications should be sent.

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Arrangements will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Sometimes an appeal is made in our Book Club, which receives a large response, fifteen or twenty people sending books to the writer. Yet she stands on our record as having received nothing, and others who propose to send to her are encouraged to do so.

The next person on our list may really have received nothing as yet. The only way to equalize the distribution of books is to keep an approximate record of all that are sent. May we hope to secure for this end the co-operation of the Branches?

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Secretary, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Lily Blunt Porter.

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